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WOOED BY ROYALTY

The Story of an Unfortunate American Woman in Paris.

New York Herald's Paris Letter.

The Wetmore-Anglesey affair continues to engross public attention, and although it is the general theme of conversation here, it is curious to say that, with a single exception—that of the Voltaire this morning—all mention of it has been kept out of the newspapers. All sorts of rumors are current in connection with his fact, which, for the honor of the profession, I shall avoid noticing. I prefer to set it down to the prudent reserve which the French press is always known to practice on such delicate occasions.

Having been introduced to Lady Pelham Clinton lately, at the house of a mutual friend, I have availed myself by my slight acquaintance to obtain some information regarding the melancholy affair. Her ladyship received me courteously, and expressed her willingness to tell me all she knew of the circumstances. She herself seemed overcome with grief, and her eyes filled with tears when he began to speak about her deceased friend. After a few general remarks about the rumors that were in circulation, I told her what I had stated in my telegram of Thursday evening, and which she pronounced to be in the main correct.

"May I ask," I sail, "if you are in possession of Lord Anglesey's letters to Mrs. Wetmore?"

"No," she replied, "they are in the hands of her lawyer, Mr. Gardner, of the Champs Elysees. They are all couched in terms which convey the idea that his lordship had the most passionate affection for Mrs. Wetmore, and in no less than seven of them he declared that he would marry her the moment she got the divorce from her husband. I have even in my possession a ring which he gave her in the first days of last month."

Lady Albert Clinton then continued: "Mrs. Wetmore came to Europe about three years ago with her son, a lad of some thirteen years of age. I think she met Lord Anglesey for the first time in Spain. When she left America she had no idea of permanently separating herself from her husband, of whom she always spoke with remorse, but Lord Anglesey turned her head by promising to marry her if she got a divorce. This took so much time that he got tired of his bargain and deserted her as soon as she had broken loose from the only real tie which bound her to life—affection for her child. She was a handsome, affectionate, and confiding poor dear. She was so faithful to Lord Anglesey, and believed in him so entirely. You know he lived on the Avenue Kleber—occupying separate apartments in the same house. Three days before her death she said, speaking of her husband:

"William was always kind to me, but we had nothing in common. We were not made to live happy together. He was much too religious for me, and was not satisfied unless I went to church all day Sunday. But he was a good, kind man. I never ought to have left him. My fate should be a warning to American women who come abroad without their legitimate protectors."

"But she rarely gave expression to these remorseful feelings, for she loved Anglesey to distraction. Her last meeting with him was on June 20. He told her he had to go to London on business. She said to him with a sort of instinctive feeling, "You will be true to me, Henry, and come back as quickly as you can?"

"He replied that he loved her as much as ever, and parted with her with every demonstration of affection, although he knew he had written her a letter dated the 19 (the day before) in which he bade her farewell forever, and gave her to understand that all was at an end between them. This letter was handed to her the next day by Mr. Stone, Lord Anglesey's secretary, and it drove her almost to madness. It was then that I brought her to my house, for she had no friends here. And in the letter to which I have just referred Lord Anglesey gave her to understand that she must leave her apartments and write no more than one letter to him. To this she wrote a reply of almost touching character, in which she appealed to his manhood.

"Remember," she said, "all I have lost for you. Can you expect that God will prosper you and yours, when you are capable of such a dreadful wrong?" In another passage she says:

"Can it be possible that you have a conscience, or feeling, or that you, a nobleman, are willing to turn me out penniless into the world after all your promises, to say nothing of your pretended affection up to the week before your marriage?"

I was next shown a number of letters from Lord Anglesey, authenticated by his family coat of arms. They were all couched in the most endearing terms, commencing with "My lovely Anna," "My Dearest," and closing with extravagant assurances of undying love, esteem and fidelity. Seven of these letters, Lady Clinton said, and as Mrs. Wetmore's lawyer assured me, contain explicit and unequivocal promises of marriage, and cover a period of nearly three years. When it was announced that the marquis had married Mrs. Wodehouse. Mrs. Wetmore's lawyer, who knew the circumstances, urged that a suit for breach of promise be instituted. A correspondence to that effect was commenced with the marquis' lawyers, who replied that their client repudiated the allegation as to the promise, and that it would be useless to try and make a case, as there was no law punishing breach of promise in France, and that an offense committed there would not be tried in England. Unhappily, this proved to be the case.

The deceased took no interest in all this, the idea of death engrossing her mind from the moment she heard of Lord Anglesey's marriage. Every effort made to calm her was in vain, and she paced up and down her room the image of despair. This lasted until Wednesday morning, when, upon entering her apartment, Lady Albert Clinton found her in the last agony, with eyes glaring, hands clenched and face so distorted that she was hardly recognizable. The servants were immediately sent for medical aid, but it was 10 o'clock before a doctor could be found. Every effort was made to save the poor sufferer, but in vain. She writhed in dreadful torture until 3, when she breathed her last.

When the marquis heard of the melancholy event, he sent word through his lawyer that he would contribute £50 toward the expenses of the funeral. The burial lot alone at St. Germaine cost £40.

The deceased was a lady of refined and pleasing manners. She was of medium height, with dark eyes and hair. Her features had something of the Jewish cast, and she was graceful and attractive, with especially pretty hands and feet, and her figure was faultless. She was kind and amiable to an extreme, and of a sweet and forbearing disposition, her only fault being, as Lady Albert Clinton said, that she "loved not wisely but too well."

Mennonites.

From the Kansas City Journal, Aug. 3.

A queer looking crowd of emigrants were at the Union depot yesterday morning, on their way to Hillsboro, Kas. They were Mennonites from southern Russia. The Mennonites are a sect of Christians who believe, among other things, that infants ought not to be baptized; that Christians ought not to take an oath or hold an office, or use physical force against one another. This latter part of their creed was one of the many reasons for their leaving Russia. They feared that some time they might be compelled to shoulder the musket. Their dress was very peculiar. The males wore caps, long coats and pantaloons, in style resembling the Dutch comedian on the variety stage. Each of the women and little girls wore a cloth tied about her head. The dresses of the little girls were in the modern style for old women and made them look like dwarfs. The party carried their own cooking utensils and food. It was said that one of the party had $20,000 with him, and the others had sums of money ranging from $500 to several thousands.

Dr. Talmage Visits the Saloons and Gambling Houses of Leadville.

A special to a St. Louis paper from Leadville, dated the 29th ult., says. Rev. De Witt Talmage last evening repeated in Leadville his astonishing performances in New York a year or so ago, making a personal inspection of the slums and byways, and privately visiting the dance houses and gambling hells and viewing the life therein presented, for the purpose, as Mr. Talmage explains, of qualifying himself to flourish in the faces of his hearers the fire-brand freshly snatched from the hot-bed of iniquity. On their arrival, night before last, Mr. Talmage and his wife were temporarily assigned a room on the first floor of the Clarendon, from which the clerk yesterday offered to change them to an especial apartment near the parlor, usually occupied by Gov. Pitkin and like distinguished guests. Mr. Talmage inspected the apartment and and said to the porter: "I guess we will take both rooms; we are nervous from the effects of our trip, and I do not care to disturb Mrs. Talmage." So Mrs. Talmage kept the first room, while Mr. Talmage took possession of the other. No one suspected that the preacher was preparing for his second great nocturnal pilgrimage among the slums. Last evening he lectured at the City hall on "Big Blunders." It was 10:30 when he dismissed his audience, and was rapidly driven to the hotel. Half an hour was spent in preparing for the work before him, and Mr. Talmage was ready to set out. With a solitary companion to guide him, the preacher quit the hotel about 11 o'clock, and entered Harrison avenue, which at that hour is always filled with a busy crowd of people, engaged on various errands, thronging the sidewalks and elbowing each other in a ceaseless tide. They crossed the street and stopped in front of the Board of Trade saloon, without entering, Mr. Talmage being informed that a man had been shot over a gambling table there on Monday night. The parson contented himself with a curious glance down the polished bar room floor and into the gambling hall beyond the open curtains. He and his company recrossed the street, and entered Wyman's gambling saloon where Mr. Talmage stopped long enough to obtain a full view of the little crowd of players seated about half a dozen green tables and watching with breathless interest the progress of the games. From here Mr. Talmage proceeded to what is known as "the Texas," another gambling saloon, where music and a good lunch relieve the monotony of faro, and where the crowd present was equally large about the different tables. Here Mr. Talmage was recognized by one of the gamesters, and in an instant was the cynosure of every eye in the room. He beat a hasty retreat reaching the street, thence continuing his visit to three other gambling rooms on Harrison avenue, where he was thoroughly initiated in the secrets of poker, keno, and roulette. The preacher and his companion then turned down the street, and proceeded to visit the dance houses. The first of these places at which Mr. Talmage stopped and entered was the Odeon. His companion led him half way down the hall, Mr. Talmage timidly pausing a few feet from the door, and watching the girls as they treaded the mazes of the dance in wild abandon. The floor manager, not recognizing him, approached Mr. Talmage and asked him to lead a set, but the invitation was politely declined, and as soon as he could get his guide once more within reach of his voice, they stepped out and continued down the street until the Red Light Dance hall was reached, where they entered, the preacher timidly inquiring several times of his guide if all the men carried arms. Thus the rounds were completed from Harrison avenue to Pine, and Mr. Talmage had viewed all the sights to be seen in this delectable region. In the last dance house visited, Talmage had been recognized by one of the girls, and he was glad when he found himself once more beyond the bold inspection of the frequenters of the place, to whom his presence became known almost as soon as he had set foot inside the door. He wished to have a glance at the female gamblers before retiring, but on consulting his watch he found it was past two o'clock, and determined to defer his visit until to-night. He returned to the hotel and occupied his room till morning.

People of mean capacities more despise and ridicule what is above the reach of their own intellect, than that that is below its standard.

The Epigrammatic Tendency.

From the Chicago Express.

This is an epigrammatic age. The days of long and flowery sentences have vanished. The craze for realism has wrought a rhetorical reform that is just now in its noon of prosperity. Conciseness is the thing. Clearness of thought is supposed to be a concomitant of compactness. The aim is to get away from the foggy diction which once concealed thought with such masterly skill. The only fear is that we have got so far away that we will grow hungry for the ponderous amplification that has been banished. Superfluous and cumbrous as those long and ornate sentences were there was a charm, a zest in them sometimes, which makes one turn from the metallic epigrammatic blaze of the present, and long for a breeze from their flowery pages. How they soared and swayed and swung among the very heavens of philology; obscurity was their strong point. They muffled thought, concealed ideas, and befogged everything. But they were often charming. What excitement it was to hunt down an idea through an undergrowth of weary adjectives and bristling phrases? Now, ideas are set down so nearly naked of words that a moral writer of half a century ago would hide his face and run away from them as from something immodest. Philology is progressive. It keeps pace with the times. This rushing age demanded a literary style that presented ideas unadorned, and in a striking rather than imposing attitude, and the demand was recognized and supplied. Sentences are pared down until they have a famished look. Bret Harte was the first writer of fiction to act on the discovery that a suggestion was more forceful than an assertion. It leaves something for the imagination to fill, and by this means increases its own strength. The great ends achieved by the shorn style of composition now in favor is the rest it gives to those beasts of burden, the adjectives. There is something fiendish in the nature of adjectives. They are constantly on the alert to edge themselves in. They come in the most alluring guise, and assume the mildest manners; but their real intent is to cripple a writer and ruin his style, and they always succeed; and if they can palm themselves off for reuns they die as happy as a fly who succeeds in being mistaken for a huckleberry and gets baked in a pie. One of the most forceful writers the world has ever known, the terrible Dean Swift, whose coarse lampoons and bitter satires made even bravado tremble, rarely made use of an adjective. The very nakedness of his utterances made them deathless. Fashionable as the epigrammatic style is, by half the reading people it is misunderstood; crispness passes for satire and clearness for sarcasm. There is art in it, however, and of a good phase. It requires skill to pack thought into brief expression. Anybody can tell anything if he is allowed space enough, and the less culture one has the more he amplifies. Repetition is the insignia of ignorance. The epigrammatic tendency is the mortal enemy of the untaught, and will speedily eliminate their literary work from the public prints.

Chloroformed and Robbed.

From the Kansas City Journal, August 6.

Early yesterday morning S. G. Wilkinson arrived in the city by the Missouri Pacific train. He occupied a berth in a sleeper during the night, and awoke yesterday morning and found that he had been chloroformed and robbed. Upon awaking he felt very sick and drowsy and realized that chloroform had been administered to him. A pair of solid gold sleeve buttons, a set of studs, a valuable gold watch with the name "Granville, T. V." on the inside of the case, a fine gold chain with locket attached, several other articles of jewelry of less value, and two bank notes, one of $10 and the other $50. A notice of the loss and a description of the property was left with the chief of police yesterday, but as the victim of the robbery could furnish no information which would serve as a clue to the perpetrators of the robbery, they will probably escape the punishment they deserve.

How Garfield's Penmanship was Acquired.

From the Washington Republic.

He set up a little writing school in a log cabin and threw into the work the observer of a poetic soul and a strength of heart and spirit that few men possess. He caught his ideals of beauty from the curves of the lake, and the curves they made upon the white sand of the beach, and from the tracery of the spider's web. Copying the lines of beauty as drawn by the hand of nature, he wrought out that system of penmanship which is the model of our schools.